

Genevieve; More than Eight to the Fair



Edward Drobinski

GENEVIEVE; MORE THAN EIGHT TO THE FAIR

By

Edward Drobinski

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"You have to write the book that
wants to be written. And if the
book will be too difficult for
grown-ups, then you write it for
children."

-Madeleine L' Engle-

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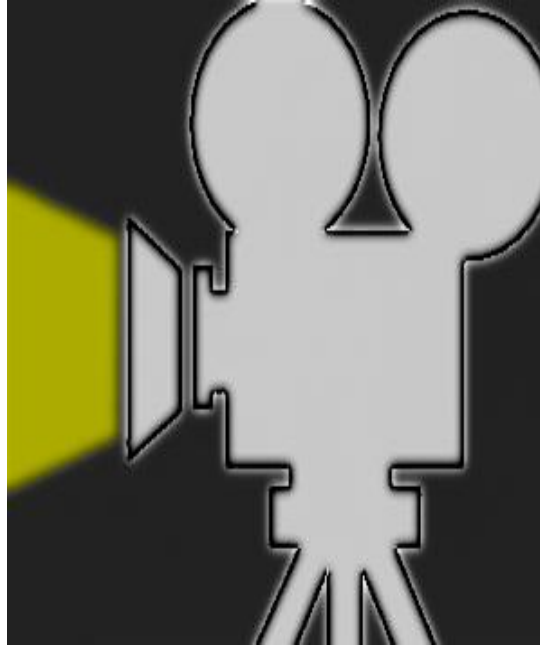
The Dream

Genevieve's Maltese, furry, white snout released a murmur so low, the sound could not have been heard by anyone. Her golden aged, white shaded



Genevieve of Pacific Lane; property of the author.

body must have been hovering rather than flying, as she was high, but her elevated view was nearly stationary; like the focus of an immobile camera on a long, long, long fixed tripod.



Fixed camera; property of the author.

When she looked down she saw an overhead view of the garden maze below. When she looked sideways she saw that she was aloft in the wicker basket of a helium triggered balloon with an unseen skipper; likely a hiding hominid. She thought that because, as far as she knew, pooches had not yet made any incursions into the realm of hot air balloons; that being a hominid monopoly, with or without the balloon aspect.

Genevieve was a passenger with no control over her precise atmospheric whereabouts or movement vis-à-vis the firmament. A gentle southerly breeze seemed to determine her direction. Her altitude was fashioned by whatever invisible being was pushing on the helium pedal, producing a periodic fiery growl and

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increased elevation at the sagging moment of each push.

Genevieve was wonderfully exhilarated, while also to a lesser extent, a victim of the fear of being totally out of control.

She found the dualities to be eminently manageable when she folded her ears, muffling the proot-toot-toot-brabba-put-put sound of hot air and its perpetrator.



Balloon; the kind courtesy of Pexels.com under their CC0 license.

Be that as one might momentarily deem it may, the wingless winging personal experience was generally pleasant for Genevieve, and she had no complaints she wished to convey. She just thought it wise to overstate the "fear" part, as it seemed to be required and popular in the "Psychology Today" disturbed year of 2019.

The maze below was the kind of studied-to-death thing which originated in 17th century Italy, and was now most nurtured in the United Kingdom. On the one hand it was roughly five sided, and on the other it was obviously a creation which resulted from many meticulous gardeners' long term, recurring, precise, but caring, cultivation.



View of garden maze from above; the kind courtesy of Pexels.com under their CC0 license.

"It is one thing to view it from afar, and quite another to see it up close. It's not a matter of better or worse; just

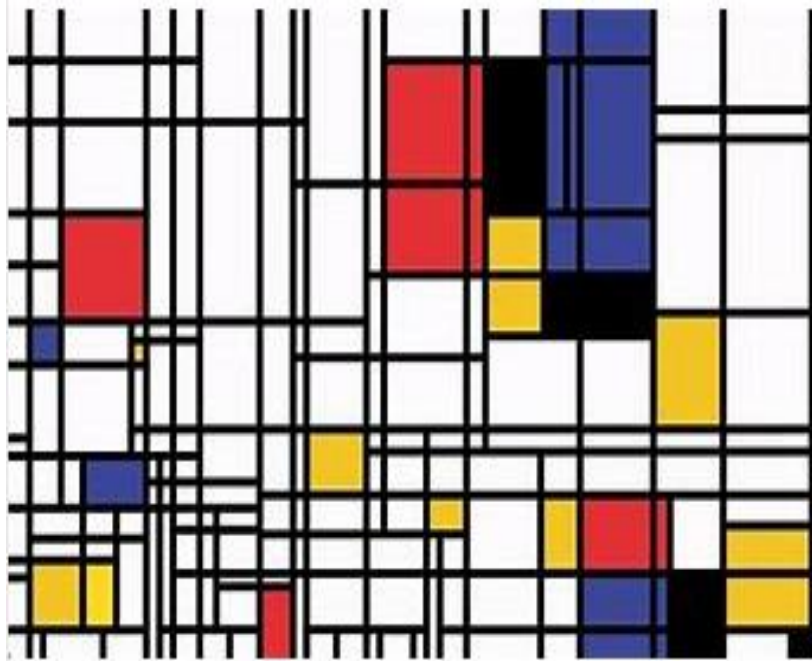
different most of the time," she thought in a restating which refrained from re-touching upon the obvious physical aspects.



View from the Dunes with Beach and Piers by Piet Mondrian; public domain.

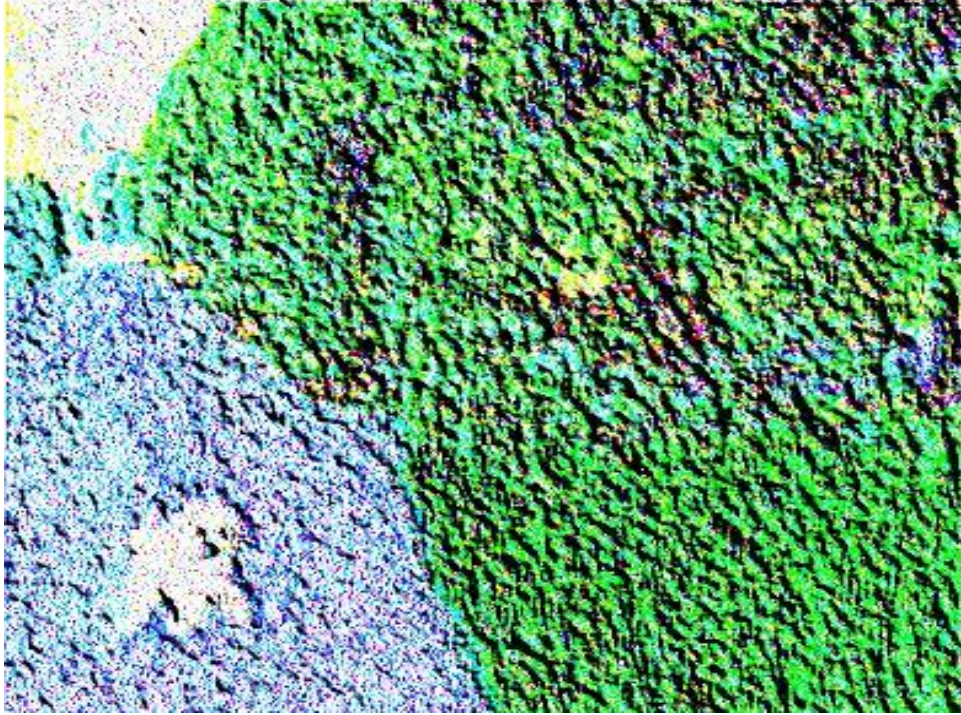


The Still Life with Gingerpot II by Piet Mondrian; public domain.



Composition by Piet Mondrian; public domain.

Incorrectly or not, Genevieve's unspoken perception of her tiny Maltese supply of curiosity must have overtaken her distant view; as the next thing she knew she was on the ground and somewhere surrounded by the cultivated maze; no exit in sight.



Genevieve of Pacific Lane within the garden maze; property of the author.

She found the ground level privacy to be quite pleasant, much like she had found her wingless winging; not better or worse, just different. Her crusher fine path produced no paw discomfort as she walked. The precisely trimmed, thick bushes reminded Genevieve of her last viewing of televised Saturday morning hominid cartoons; that having come at age two. The association must have been the result of the precision by which the little ones sought to practice thrashing each other with super squirters and garden hoses. At first Genevieve thought it was funny in the way it predicted what they'd be doing with more serious weaponry in adulthood. But, the frivolity quickly wore

off. It wasn't as if a pooch could have any effect upon what the techie hominids chose to do to each other, but a fear that before the hominids succeeded in wiping all hominids out, they'd start kidnapping innocent dogs for use in their "scientific" lab kill-rate "studies."



TV cartoon; property of the author.

At some point after having enjoyed the seclusion and the beauty of the well-cultivated, fragrant bushes, Genevieve focussed on the fact that she could not see over or through the tall green hedges. This made it extremely difficult for her to navigate her way from the supposed entrance to the supposed exit, not necessarily that she wanted to at the moment. But, because, no matter how recurrently pleasing the surroundings, she didn't want to be trapped alone within the confines of it

for an eternity. Had a way out been clear, she'd likely have appreciated spending more time there.

She tried using the shifting light of the sun and its shadows to find her way to the exit. It was not that she necessarily wanted to use it in the present, but she was somehow induced to be assured that its existence was a valid option for her. Besides, as the shadows grew longer, Genevieve increasingly resented the box bush's reserve in not granting her easy access to her well-loved and needed, Irish Setter mate, Dillon. Her eyes still on the bushes, her memory overtook that view, and her mind presented a picture of missing Dillon.



Dillon of Pacific Lane; property of the author.

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The ground seemed hard and Genevieve's beautiful garden was gradually taking on more and more of a cement blocked appearance.



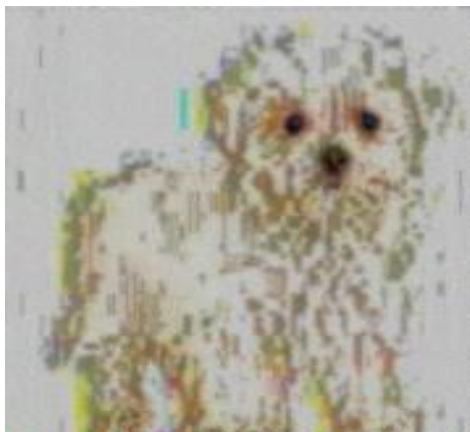
Genevieve of Pacific Lane within the garden maze; property of the author.

Standing on her tippy toes on one edge of the widest path she knew, Genevieve could see over the hedges on the other that sunset was getting near. Pretty as it was, panic set in. She envisioned being stuck in the maze for the evening; no home, no blanket, no bed but the cold, hard ground, and no protection from whatever vicious predators would come her way.



Approaching sunset; the kind courtesy of Pexels.com under their CC0 license, modified.

She felt something on her tail and leaped two feet. She turned and saw nothing other than a bush which must have temporarily gotten out of line and fell right into it, her coat picking up some of the bush's moisture. Coupled with the coming night air, it made her feel colder. Her deep breath produced a vapor cloud, which quickly dissipated.



Genevieve of Pacific Lane wearing garden hedge moisture; property of the author.

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Genevieve got up and frantically ran, hoping she had previously missed the exit; stumbling on every contour in the gravel path. She halted abruptly when she heard a voice. Her increased focus made it clear that the voice was singing in a very proper British accent, the pitch and tone indicating neither male, female, nor hybrid. Presented with another unfamiliar item, this increased her level of unease, and she stood perfectly still, as if being soundlessly motionless would dispel the singer's further advance.



Season of the Witch

Donovan

When I look out my window

Many sights to see

And when I look in my window

So many different people to be

Then it's strange, so strange

You got to pick up every stitch

You got to pick up every stitch

You got to pick up every stitch

Ooh... must be the season of the witch

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